

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Congress Should Help Captain Gridley's Widow.

When Congress meets a measure should be passed forthwith providing for the relief of the family of Captain Gridley, who stood beside Dewey on the bridge of the Olympia at the battle of Manila.

With one daughter ill, another struggling along with a kindergarten class, and earning a mere pittance herself by keeping boarders, the widow of the dead hero seems to be having a sorry time of it.

This country should not be niggardly in its treatment of Captain Gridley's family. In the delirium of national enthusiasm over the heroes yet living we should not forget the widows and children of those who are dead.

Had Gridley lived to return to his country he would have been second only to Dewey in the public regard. "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," was the signal for the opening of the battle.

It was the firing from Gridley's ship that tended as much as anything else to knock down the bastions of Cavite.

Bills for the relief of Mrs. Gridley were offered in both House and Senate during the last session. It is to the shame of this country that they were not passed. These bills granted to the widow a bare tithe of what would have been given freely by any other country.

Gridley died in Yokohama and his body was shipped home in a metallic casket. A few perfunctory honors by his townsmen and then—oblivion.

We should see to it that the family of this gallant officer is placed above want, and that Mrs. Gridley is made to feel that this country appreciated the gallant services of her husband when living and honors his memory when dead.

Effect of European Imperialism.

On the occasion of the recent visit of the Czar to Potsdam the royal train travelled only twelve miles an hour. It stopped frequently, while a pilot train ahead examined the ground for bombs.

While at Potsdam detectives shadowed the Czar every minute and hour of the day. They slept at his door during the night and dodged about his pathway on every hand.

Such is the inevitable result of imperialism. The people are taxed and oppressed for the maintenance of a gigantic army. They are forced to pass the best part of their lives as soldiers in order that the "divine rights" of kings may be upheld.

The titles paid to Caesar were a small fraction to the enormous tribute paid to the Czar, and as a consequence, while the people groan, sweat and suffer, they also germinate thoughts of assassination.

One of the issues in our own coming Presidential campaign will be that of imperialism. We have no czar or monarch with a divine right, but we have some politicians whose pretensions will rise almost as high if they are not checked in time.

THE JOURNAL has made some plain comments upon the results of the late elections, but always in the spirit of a loyal Democratic paper, which gave the national Democratic ticket its heartiest support in 1896 and expects to do the same thing in 1900. It would be obliged, therefore, to its contemporaries throughout the country if they would kindly refrain from clipping things from the New York World and commenting upon them as expressions of the Journal's.

Why Are We Dreibund-ing?

"Triple Alliance" has a fascinating sound, but before we commit ourselves too unreservedly to our new friends it will do no harm to cast a backward glance at the old.

There is France, for instance. There was a time when we were fighting British and Hessians, and the French gave us some very substantial aid in thrashing them. A triple alliance of England, Germany and America against France would have seemed queer then.

And there is Russia. Thirty-five years ago two great European powers held positions on this continent from which they could make us trouble. One of them, Russia, gracefully retired in our favor. The other, England, stayed and has been nagging us ever since. Why should we take sides against the country that ceded us all Alaska in favor of the country that is trying to get part of it away from us?

The open door in China is a very desirable thing, but the door of our own house in America is even more important. If we must have alliances, that is a thing worth bearing in mind.

EDITORIAL COMMENT ON THE DAY'S NEWS

The effects of the strenuous life are varied. Upon different persons it has diverse effects. It has led Governor Roosevelt to the wrestling mat. In a pair of pink tights he strove with Professor Dwyer, of Albany, for a fall.

The air was filled with grunts, the grinding of teeth and strenuous gyrations, in which the evolutions of a Governor were painfully apparent.

Mr. James Cannon went home to his dinner in Hoboken and carved the fowl. "This thing is only half cooked," said he. Thereupon he smote his wife in the face with the bird. She retaliated with cranberry sauce. Things became strenuous. The atmosphere was filled with a ragout of provender and geysers of gravy.

The strenuous life of Hoboken is not so different from that of Albany, although it may not have the same ingredients. Athletics are praiseworthy, and both Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Cannon are following the strenuous life according to their respective lights.

A school teacher in this city, vested with the right to teach young ideas how to shoot, is charged with sticking a whispering pupil's lips together with mullage and a slip of paper.

An injury to the child's pride, and manifestly wrong.

In Ohio a school teacher placed a ten-year-old boy in a dark closet, with horrible warnings of ghosts and devils with green eyes. The boy is insane.

School teachers of this description should not only forfeit their right to teach, but should be made to suffer some of the shame and horror they impose upon their pupils.

The brutal use of authority in school rooms should be relegated to oblivion along with the rod and the ruler.

Fred Vogel, of Belleville, Illinois, flitted by his sweetheart when young, wooed her successfully in later life when she had divorced her husband, and shot himself on the eve of the wedding because he was "too poor to marry."

A clear case of weak backbone and a shrivelled cerebrum.

Young Alexander Hardenburgh, of New Jersey, has twice inherited a fortune and has twice spent his inheritance to the last cent.

He did not commit suicide, but went to work for a mere pittance. Fate took pity upon him for the third time and threw an inheritance of a million dollars into his hands.

He has just married a young woman with another million. He is proceeding to spend his new fortune with great speed, and in time may become penniless again.

Is it better to be a dead fool or a live one? Is it better to bear the slings and arrows of wielding a shovel or to suffer cirrhosis of the liver and a sapping of the intellect?

Mr. M. B. White, of Bensonhurst, returning home late at night with a Thanksgiving turkey, found a burglar in the house.

The servant girl, being aroused, screamed Swedishly. The police were telephoned to send help at once. Having arrived, the police haggled as to precedence in the matter of entering the house. In the meantime the burglar vanished.

John B. Brooks, of New Milford, N. J., returning home from Hackensack, also with a Thanksgiving turkey, found a burglar in the house.

Mr. Brooks made a football tackle and a fight raged in the darkness. Mrs. Brooks did not haggled after the manner of the Bensonhurst police. After a few delicious blows with the family turkey she struck a match, seized a chair and decided the combat.

In Bensonhurst there are recommitments. In New Milford there are tokens. But what would have happened had the New Milford burglar been a mouse?

Olive Schreiner's Relationships.

Editor of the New York Journal: I wish to correct an error which is going the rounds of the American press in regard to Olive Schreiner. They seem to think that she is unmarried and is a sister of W. P. Schreiner, Premier of Cape Colony. For instance, in your evening edition of the Journal of November 14, you have an article from the pen of W. P. Schreiner, and you have added this, "Premier of Cape Colony and brother of Olive Schreiner." And then, again, some papers speak of her as "Miss Schreiner," etc. The facts are these: Olive Schreiner was married about five years ago to W. P. Cronwright, then Attorney-General of Cape Colony, now Premier Schreiner for he took his wife's name when they were married.

Middleboro, Mass., Nov. 27. When a lady who has won distinction under her maiden name chooses to keep that name when she appears before the public after her marriage she is usually spoken of in her public capacity as "Miss." Thus Julia Arthur is "Miss Arthur" on the stage, although in private life she is Mrs. Cheney. "Olive Schreiner" is the sister of W. P. Schreiner, Premier of Cape Colony. Her husband, Mr. Cronwright, is a farmer. Upon her marriage to him Miss Schreiner took the name of Cronwright-Schreiner.

Aid for Indigent Cubans.

To the Editor of the New York Journal: The following is to tell you a few things concerning the way in which the poor Cubans are being treated by a nation considered just and charitable.

Cubans and Porto Ricans who have been applying by order of Mr. Tomas Estrada Palma, representatives of both, to Colonel Jones at the Army Building for transportation to their respective countries, not having sufficient means to pay their passages, have been refused.

Do you think it is just and humane? Must Cubans die of hunger in this country because the Government has stopped their transportation to their country? Have they not a right to be justly treated by those considered to be their protectors? Is that considered a good way of protection?

Nov. 28. AN INDIGENT CUBAN. While you have our sympathy, we must say that the conquering of Spain by this country brought with it no obligation to transport Cubans free from port to port. Nothing of this sort is done for Americans.

There are doubtless many poor Cubans in this country, impoverished by the war and deserving of aid, but these cases are matters of private charity, and not of government aid for individuals.

Mr. T. Estrada Palma probably understands this.

A Manifest Impossibility.

Editor of the New York Journal: Would you kindly explain how it is possible for a man to save a million dollars by putting aside fifty cents a day from his wages?

I was really surprised to see such impossible advice stated in your editorial this morning. To save a million dollars the way you say it will probably take a man two million days, and he would have to live at least three million days. Did you ever see a man live so long?

ABE FRIEDMAN, No. 171 Clinton st., N. Y. This is the paragraph that has puzzled Mr. Friedman:

The man who wants a house on Fifth avenue, with horses, yachts, diamonds for his wife and a box at the opera, may have it mathematically demonstrated to him that the only safe and honest way to attain his desire is to work industriously for fifteen dollars a week and lay aside fifty cents a day from his wages until he has saved his first million dollars, but the effect of this reasoning is impaired by the spectacle of so many millionaires who have not acquired their wealth in this way.

These remarks are capable of explanation, but the process would be intricate, and, on the whole, we think it would be a useful mental exercise for our correspondent to see if he cannot work out a meaning for himself. Perhaps he might find some Scotch friend in the surgical line who could help him.

Keep Faith with Cuba.

To the Editor of the New York Journal: Allow me to congratulate the Journal on the many, noble stand it has taken regarding the latest aspect of the Cuban question. It was indeed high time for your paper to do so, and ere it was too late.

Certainly the Journal has been always the true friend of the Cuban, and the staunchest defender of the rights of the Cuban people. Your editorial, "Keep Faith with the Cubans," in this morning's issue, has the old true ring in it. Its noble spirit reassures the Cubans as to their hopes for the near future, and their faith in the American people.

But for God's sake do not drop the subject until Congress takes a hand in it. By so doing you render a great and enduring service to an unfortunate people, and bring to account the unscrupulous clique whose success in this infamous plot would also entail dishonor to their own country.

We have also Arnolds and Esaus, but the Journal need not for one moment fear violence on the part of the Cubans, as they know only too well that were they to act in such a foolish and wanton manner they would give to those plotters the best and sole pretext for the accomplishment of their criminal purpose. The Cubans know how to be patient. They have been trained by centuries of adversity and despair.

All sensible and fair-minded persons, those not biased by prejudice or greedy motives, know but too well that a handful of hotheads (every country has them) do not represent the best elements of society. The Cubans, on the other hand, have shown to the world that they are capable and, under the circumstances, as well behaved as any other people. The official reports from the American military authorities in control now on the island prove the assertion.

Cuba's future lies at present lies in the restoration of agriculture, the rehabilitation of old industries, and the creation of new ones. She needs capital badly, but she will not have it unless she is long as the promoters who form the clique to disfranchise the Cubans find an echo in the unconscious American elements who learn nothing from the daily reports of the inspired publication. And there's the rub! Let the Journal keep a sharp eye on this Cuban egg, or else it will be hatching before it has time to leave the shell by those who plan the infamous betrayal of a solemn pledge.

A CUBAN. Nov. 28.

To Help Anthony's Widow.

To the Editor of the Journal: Being an ardent admirer and constant reader of your newsy, enterprising paper, and deeply sympathizing with the bereaved widow of the unfortunate "Bill" Anthony, hero of the Maine, I thought that it would be a good idea to ask you to publish the fact to your many readers that I have started an endless chain among my friends to help her out of her present difficulties.

I would be more than glad to have one and all of your many readers form a link in the chain by sending me a dollar and sending a line of sympathy to me at the address below. According as the contributions come in I will gladly turn the amounts to her as she may wish. I have time to spare to express our sympathy otherwise than in mere words.

MISS E. M. REED, 7 Sycamore street, Brooklyn, Nov. 28.

BADEN-POWELL PRAISES OUR SCOUTS.

BRITISH OFFICER'S BOOK ADVISES IMITATION.

NEXT to General Lord Methuen, whose advance to the relief of Kimberley has made him the talk of England, there is no more popular idol among his British brethren than Colonel Baden-Powell. His defence of Mafeking, with only a handful of trained soldiers and against terrible odds, has impressed the public mind. It has taken attention away from the disasters in Natal and the tardiness of the transport service.

Colonel Baden-Powell is not an engineer, nor is he an artillery officer, yet his scheme for a circular railway around the town that he is defending and the service of armored trains that he has organized would, it is said by army officers, have made the reputation of any member of either service.

Baden-Powell is a cavalry officer—in fact, he is the only real Rough Rider in the British army. He has made scouting a study and has developed it into an art. In doing this he has looked to the American army and to the world-wide fame of the Western warriors for his inspiration.

In the book that he has just issued he frequently attests the value that he has received from following the hints and hints of Colonel W. F. Cody and other American scouts. "Buffalo Bill" he always calls his tutor, while of Burnham, who was the only survivor of the Wilson party, that was massacred by the Matabeles on the Shangani, he tells the following interesting story, showing the extreme value of the sense of touch:

"Burnham, the American scout, who made his way back to the main body when Wilson's party were massacred on the Shangani in Matabeleland, did so by feeling his way along the track made by the party 'in coming.'"

Another point of interest in connection with this book is that the redoubtable Colonel actually revised the proof sheets while the enemy's shells were falling in Mafeking. One of Cronje's lieutenants, who came with a white flag to ascertain whether the town would surrender, was obliged to wait until the Colonel had finished his copy, and the apology for the delay was: "These print-



Col. Baden-Powell, British Army

ers chaps are always in a hurry, don't you know." In a chapter on "Quickness of Eye," Colonel Powell says:

"Quickness of eye and ear give a scout immense advantages. It is one of the secrets of successful

scouting. Once you know that you are a little sharper at it than most men and are not likely to be caught napping by an enemy, you can work with the greatest confidence and certainty against him.

"Quickness of eye means ability to see an object at the moment it is within possibility of being seen, whether before or behind you, far away or near. It should be a point of honor with a scout that nobody sees any object that he has not already seen for himself. For this your eyes must be never resting, continually glancing around in every direction, and trained to see objects in the far distance. A scout must have eyes at the back of his head.

"Riding with a really trained scout, such as Buffalo Bill or Burnham, you will notice that while he talks with you his eyes scarcely look you in the face for a moment; they keep glancing from point to point of the country round from sheer force of habit.

"As you move along, say, in a hostile country, your eyes should be looking after the enemy or any signs of him—figures, dust rising, birds getting up, glitter of arms, etc.

"When riding as one of a party to practise quickness of eye, it is a useful practice for the leader to ask questions to test the men as to whether they have seen some figure in the distance or any small points near by. It should become a constant practice with you to notice everything, whether it is a broken cart wheel at the roadside, a bent weathercock on a steeple, the color of the wool which an old woman is knitting in an upstairs window. Let nothing be too small to escape your notice.

"Always try to be the first to see any new object. It should be a point of honor with a scout that nobody sees anything, either near or far, that he has not already seen for himself; and it should be a matter of shame for him if he passes by a man without seeing him, even if he be to a certain extent hidden."

ON THE SEASON'S RAGE FOR MATRIMONY. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER CHATS OF POSSIBILITIES.

It seems that every one is marrying, these days. All I hear is of weddings and premeditated matrimony. In fact, New York has taken on the guise of the Island of Guam, where Captain Dick Leary has made marriage compulsory.

If it keeps on I shall contemplate becoming a Benedict myself, and ere long you may hear of my downfall. I don't purpose, however, telling of weddings that have been, but if you will permit, I will whisper a few echoes now dining in my ears.

What, for instance, do you think of the eligible, the elegant young Mr. Gerry taking a wife unto himself—Mr. Robert Gerry, I mean?

In view of this young gentleman's extreme youth, his papa might well call in the services of his justly celebrated society. But, still, perhaps not. Youthful forebodings seem to be the go nowadays, and the light of Asia, where it is the thing at fourteen and under.

Young Mr. Gerry, in a way, is not too young, and, after all, I really don't know whether he is and engaged. But it is whispered that he is paying strict attention to Miss Gray, daughter of Judge Gray, of Albany, who was one of the beauties of the Summer, Mr. Gerry is an intelligent youth, an adept at driving, and with an eye to a horse that would not shame the Avordupolis Bates himself. Truth is that Mr. Gerry and Jehu Bates are warm friends—unofficially, of course—and at the Newport Horse Show this was in a measure advertised to the benefit of the equatorial horseman by the showing of one of his horses by Mr. Gerry himself. However, here's luck to him.

In addition to this, it is heard that Mr. Harry Havemeyer—also "young"—has appeared mysteriously late in the train of Miss Whiting. I don't know whether this means anything or not, as they both retain a strict silence, but the moral of New York engagements is that one never can tell! Miss Whiting, as you know, is very wealthy. So is Mr. Havemeyer. Money is clannish; therefore—why not? This of course is merely an in-

ductive inference, and I suppose it will be denied. But what's the odds? Time will tell.

I am compelled to chronicle the arrival of another exotic celebrity—Count Alexis Marcati. I do not know that he contemplates a tour de force to wrest away the laurels of my Apache friend, Mr. Antonio, but at any rate, he is now upon the scene. He is being exhibited daily by the Thomas Hughes Frattis, of Waverley place, and, as I believe, he is the only real Greek Prince outside of the pushcart district. I fancy it will be worth while to view him. I have not seen him yet, but he is described as a good-looking, affable and civilized personage, rich in his own right, and with no sinister monetary designs upon the heiresses of the land.

The death in Paris of Mrs. Robert McLane, widow of the Ambassador to France under Cleveland, will recall many recollections to Americans. Mrs. McLane, though far advanced in years, was a familiar figure in the French capital, where her position was one to be envied. She was a Miss Urquhart, and an aunt of Mrs. James Brown Potter. I have long heard that the ancient lady made many strenuous efforts to woo her niece from the determined path of professionalism, a path that she was acutely vexed at her failure.

I have heard that it resulted in open rupture, but I do not know. But I do know that Mrs. Potter's present advancement in the Prince of Wales' set has given that lady a suitable and improved opportunity for a few flings at persons who were not cordial to her in the dark days of her histrionic commencement. She has made the most of this, too, I hear, and I have been able to pick out several of my dear friends who have felt the sting of her very mild rebuff. This has become evident in the apostate from their ranks, who they long ago pretended to have forgotten. But, to use a trite expression, nothing succeeds like success, and certainly it must have hurt many of our dearest tables to

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The splendid, great turkey which graced the President's board on Thanksgiving Day, and which was sent to Mr. McKinley by a Rhode Island admiral, was only one of hundreds of presents which are being sent to the White House at this season of the year.

Only a few days ago a box, slatted across the top, arrived at the White House by express from Staunton, Va., addressed to "His Excellency the Hon. William McKinley, the President of the United States." It contained two dozen magnificent, great red apples, evidently the pick of an orchard. And yet the pleasure of opening the box and tasting the fruit probably was reserved for some mental, for it is an easy guess that the President knew nothing about the box. If an acknowledgment was written the President never saw it.

One day recently a farmer from Southern Pennsylvania sent by express a dozen monstrous ears of corn, the choice picking from his fields, accompanied by a note that he knew the President would be glad to know Pennsylvania was growing such excellent crops.

SOME QUEER GIFTS TO M'KINLEY. PRESENTS WHICH THE PRESIDENT NEVER SEES.

A third farmer, from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, sent a couple of live squirrels, which he said were the finest and largest specimens he ever had seen of the gray variety, and were warranted to perform certain tricks, for they had been carefully trained.

A Missouri citizen early in September sent the President a choice head of cabbage. Somebody from Kansas sent him a sample box of Kansas wheat, and with it a long letter, stating that Kansas was all right politically and commercially, and would never go back on the Republican party. It is said that if the President were personally to look after all of the small gifts which are forwarded to him by well-meaning but mistaken citizens he would have time for little else. In the course of a year these gifts number far into the hundreds and represent almost every department of the field and garden. They are all received, provided the charges are paid, and are stored away in the White House basement, where they stay for a short time, and from which place they finally find their way into the homes of the various White House employees.

The flower and plant crank also has had his turn at sending presents to the President. The specimens have covered a wide range, of both cultivated and wild plants, but, of course, it has been impossible to make any use of them. In every instance a letter of thanks is written by one of the private secretaries and the gift is turned over to the garbage man, the President never seeing it.

happy child, be "torn relentless from its mother's womb."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

Miller and Wall Street Sharks.

Editor of the New York Journal.

Miller is a rogue, but tell me, is there much difference in his methods and the schemes of the Wall Street sharks? Miller duped his victims by promising them 10 per cent per week, while the Wall Street gang capitalizes an industrial or railroad enterprise to an amount twenty times its value. They keep for themselves a large portion of stock without paying anything for it, and then dupe the public into buying the rest by thimble-rigging the market.

After they have accomplished this they wreck the companies, and run them for years through a friendly receiver, appointed by the courts, ruling more innocent people and in larger amounts than Miller could have done had he carried on his steal for years longer.

Nov. 28. ANTI-SHAM.

and Cora Urquhart succeeding without their intelligent advice.

I have been told that we may meet the George Goulds at some of the entertainments contemplated in honor of Miss Laura Swan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr. The Goulds and the Dyers, I observe, are becoming seriously friendly, and, in my opinion, are only one obvious reason. Moreover, as Miss Swan seems to be held most prominently forward, I fancy these entertainments will be serious affairs, a fine opportunity, in fact, not only to entertain Miss Swan, but to make it pleasant for Mrs. Gould in the way she has long been striving to obtain. Thanksgiving Day the Goulds entertained at their Lakewood place, and I confess a keen curiosity to hear who were with them for the devotional meal. If the list is compounded of only the obscure persons that have previously flocked at the golden board, I shall really be disappointed, for I have heard great things of Mrs. George's efforts this season. Certainly, she should take care. One may stumble even at the threshold of heaven.

Is there any affiliation in trade? I wonder if there is. I say this in contemplation of the forthcoming wedding of Miss Rosalind Secor to Mr. Thomas Dewar, the English gentleman whose name is a crowning triumph to the prevalence of the high ball, Miss Secor is well known here—that is, at Staten Island and Lake George and some other places. Moreover, her beauty seems destined to survive, for her mother still preserves such a share of youthful good looks that she and her daughter are often taken for sisters. But, notwithstanding the advertisements of Miss Secor's wedding to the whiskey man, she is not too socially prominent in New York. I fancy, in fact, that in some sets she is quite unknown. Therefore, to return to my original query—will she and Mrs. Haig combine? I, for one, fear they will not blend, though they would make a grand high ball—Mrs. Haig, the ice; Miss Secor, the champagne.

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